

## Byron Cage

### "The Twin Of Icon"

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Future reserve us a blind horror's trap  
We're feeling the smell of death  
The guillotine will cut our heads

Science and Church united their stand  
Possessed by evil want  
Resurrection of the icon one. No...

Evil tests  
Can raise the dead  
Who can be the next?  
Maybe your endless breath

They want a new kind of Christ  
Science and Church gonna smile  
The twin of God without sins  
Madness guiding monstrosity

Prophecies foresee a new Antichrist  
This icon can be a lie  
Or perhaps now it's time

And the child will born and soon will roam  
Masked and helpful will lie  
On his head 666

Bow to him  
Don't know what is  
But soon you'll see  
And finally the world goes bleed

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